

THE GIFT OF AN APOSTLE

NOTES FROM A SERMON DELIVERED EX TEMPORE BY REV. S. CARLIN, B.D.

A Statement of the Manner in which the Apostles Went About Establishing the Kingdom of God—Some Explanation of Ancient MSS. of the New Testament.

"Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour, and a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered in: who seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple asked an alms. And Peter fastening his eyes upon him with John, said: 'Look on us.' And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said: 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.' And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up; and immediately his feet and ankles were strengthened. Lifting up the voice, he said unto him: 'Walk on thy feet and ankles.' And he leaped and danced, praising God."

Before considering the immediate subject of the text, we must look at the connection of this passage with what has gone before. The New Testament is the history of what the Church did in the early days of Christianity. Men sometimes mistake the writings of the New Testament, because of an undue power which has been placed upon them since the Reformation. It has pleased Almighty God to give us but copies of the sacred word; which copies, well authenticated, remain to-day.

In reading a text in the Original, we depend upon MSS. copies, of which there are a large number. These are classified into families. They are known as Uncials, or those written with mixed characters; and Cursive, or those denoting the flowing hand style of writing.

The Authorized Version is the work of many hands and of several generations. The Revised Version had its origin in the action taken by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury in February, 1870. Among the rules which governed the work, was this one: "That the text to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating; and that when the text so adopted differs from that which the Authorized Version was made, the alteration be indicated in the margin." Now, whether we follow the Authorized Version or the Revised Version the exegesis of our text will be the same. In chapter 2, St. Peter had been delivering his sermon to the mixed crowd, which came together.

These people were dwelling at Jerusalem, and were devout men, from every nation under heaven. The sermon was delivered, after that the Holy Ghost, the Promised Comforter, had come upon the

pany that was recruiting in my town, and I was compelled to see them march away without me. They were assigned to the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers, which was encamped at Lynnfield. It was the middle of July before my mother reluctantly yielded to my request to visit the camp to see them drill. I walked the ten miles. I saw them drill. I heard the clash of arms and the drum-beat. I could stand it no longer and almost before I knew it I had exchanged my citizen's dress for the fatigue uniform of war, and my name was registered on the roster of Company H, Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers. I was mustered in on the 22d a high private in the rear rank for three years, or the war.

Let the reader of this narrative think what that enrollment meant for me. This saying: good-bye to all that was near and dear, knowing well the risk I ran of never seeing them on earth again. This leaving all the pleasures and comforts of home to submit to vigorous discipline of camp, to marches by day and by night; houseless in rain and in snow, transformed in a moment from a boy to the soldier.

There was not much rest in those days but all was novelty. There was company, battalion and division drills, with its advancing, retreating, rallying and deploying, loading and firing, to say nothing of the drills of the awkward squad. How long ago it all seems, much like a dream. Yet as I call to mind those early scenes I behold once more those moving columns, the waving banners and the incidents of life in camp and field. Then came the orders "march" and the leave taking.

How well I remember the solicitude of my mother as she questioned the captain of my company as to whether he thought I would be able to stand the strain. He was a robust, well-built man, alongside of whom I looked and felt puny enough; but as he sized me up he told her the chances of keeping up my end was fully equal to his. Many times later on, when I saw him lagging behind, I reminded him of his prophecy.

It was clearly demonstrated during the war that the slim wiry boys could best endure the march.

I would not feel as if I had commenced this story right if I failed to mention our halt at the old cooper-shop in Philadelphia. I wonder if there is an Eastern soldier who did not eat a ration there en route.

Baltimore was our destination. We reached there at night. Just before leaving the cars cartridges were distributed and at the command "to load" we rammed them home in the presence of crowds of excited people who had gathered in the streets. Fortunately for

union with Christ. But these truths do not make false the other truth, that the Church is an outward visible society with Christ at its head and a ministry to carry out His commands, as well as a spiritual kingdom.

These brief remarks bring us to the story of the text. It furnishes us with one of those many examples, by which the Apostles bore witness to their Risen Lord. Let us rehearse the facts.

A lame man is carried day by day to the temple gate, that he may receive from the passers-by the means whereby to drag out a miserable existence. One day something new and strange and beautiful comes into his life; something which gold and silver cannot buy. Among the people going up into the temple there are two men. What is it in their faces which attracts the lame man? He must have felt that there would be no refusal in this case. Little did he think what a great work was to be wrought in him! He asked an alms; but he received something better than he expected. Oh! we can almost see the joy with which he praised God, when that release came to him. There was "perfect soundness"; straightness for those crooked limbs; strength to those ankle-bones, and who can tell but a like release from sin?

I wish to speak to you to-night on the subject of our own infirmities. For we all are in the case of the lame man if we do not live out our spiritual life. There are those who seem to think that God only comes to people in trouble. God comes in many ways. We are men and women with responsibilities whether we accept them or not. The idle and the rich; the poor and the hard-worked. We sit at some temple gate, thinking what we shall do and subsisting on some false hope of philosophy or nineteenth century knowledge, feeling that it is the gold and silver by which our lives are kept intact. We find fault with the world. We rarely see a St. Peter coming along the road, way of life with the unexpected. Hence discontent; hence we think the world is not using us aright.

I do not see that this is a true view to take of life. It is not our Lord's view. We have a work to do; we have a life to live which is precious above gold and silver. Suppose we do not live that life.

What good will it do us to sit complaining of our brethren? Riches and honors, as well as the want of them, bring responsibilities which put us on a plane higher than that of the brute. But there are those in this life who are always sitting down and waiting for faults in others. The country and the people of their community are their own families come under reproach. They cry out against them.

I saw Governor Wood's Reach of the guns. It seemed hard to see them mowed down in their helplessness, but such is war.

We occupied Kinston that night, and slept in the houses abandoned by the natives. I secured a feather bed, and being thoroughly tired out after our three days' marching and fighting, I encoiled myself in its soft embrace and tried to sleep, but the coveted sleep did not come. I tossed about for an hour or more without knowing what ailed me. I finally got up and selecting the soft side of a pine board was soon enjoying the much needed rest. From that night feather beds lost all charm to me.

In January, 1864, feeling that I could better serve the cause in a new field I applied for transfer to a regiment that was being recruited in a camp adjoining. The application was returned approved. A lieutenant's commission was forwarded to me, and I was ordered to report for duty to the Thirty-fifth U. S. C. Troops. This regiment was organized in June, 1863, at Newbern, remaining at that place drilling and perfecting its organization until July, when orders came for it to start immediately to join the forces besieging Charleston; and three hours later they were on board transports bound for Folly Island, where they went into camp. The regiment was put to constructing fortifications on Morris Island, almost under the walls of Sumter, and in direct view of the hot-bed of secession. On July 10, 11, and 18 assaults were made on Fort Wagner by the combined naval and military forces, three brigades of infantry and five gunboats taking part. Twice our infantry gained the parapet and once effected entrance, holding the fort for nearly an hour, during which time a hand-to-hand encounter went on, costing many lives, but the rebels were reinforced by overpowering numbers, forcing our men to retire, and the place was declared impregnable to assault. The rebel force numbered 1,400 effective men and eighteen heavy guns.

General Gilmore ordered a regular siege commenced. The soldiers were put to work constructing inclined railways and zig-zag trenches, always under fire of Forts Wagner and Gregg, but they crawled slowly along until they reached the very walls of the fort. This took till the latter part of September, when a final assault was ordered, but the rebels did not court another fight and evacuated during the night. Seventy-five sick men, eighteen guns, and a large amount of ammunition fell into our hands. Never shall I forget the sight, which greeted my eyes on entering the fort the next morning. The dead were piled dozens deep all round it. From the trenches came the sickening stench of decaying

remember that the Son of Man, both in His human and His divine nature. We human nature as our gain strength from the Son of Man. He sanctified that flesh and bone in the temple of the Holy Ghost. Paul I, Cor. 6, 18.) "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" If men believed this what a life would be!

It may be impossible for us to be perfect in the sense in which the Father in Heaven is perfect. Because our life is progressive, in a spiritual manner and because that is the highest attainable perfection in the land beyond, our Lord to save His Disciples from being (St. Luke 17, 10) bids them to consider themselves as unprofitable servants; when they have done all things. So may we do our duty toward Him, still progressing, something new may come into our lives. Oh, let us not think that we have done our whole duty. We do but go on. And even if some great power of God may take us, lame and weak-kneed, and lifting us up, may place us in a position to go on from strength to strength. Yet let us not boast, for after all, we shall never be able to reach our model, until Jesus Christ shall make our vile life unto His own glorious body before the throne of God. Do not then, my beloved, let your infirmities overcome you. God's strength is but made perfect out of your weakness. Only beware that you are not destroying your soul by some system of logic, which may enable you to make a compromise with some hidden fault.

Silver and gold have I none. Ah, no. But something you have; you have kind words and willing hearts. You have perfect faith in Jesus Christ. You have time and opportunity to do good. Are you giving these for God? Are you giving them to help some poor and weak and lame brother on the road to a higher life? These are things which you can do. These are things at hand. And we are commanded to do with our might whatsoever our hand findeth to do.

Could we unfold all the miseries of life which had their beginnings in the gold hunt of California and in the silver mines of Nevada; could we but trace the little happiness which came to a man kind from these storehouses of wealth, we could then grasp the fact that there is a nobler gift, which it is possible to possess, more precious than the polished gold and silver. The gift of God which is eternal life. The gift which was the Apostle's when he made the lame man walk. The gift which enabled St. Paul to calm the riot which enabled St. Paul to calm the riot.

outpost picket. It was in the Dismal Swamp. The sergeant of the guard had conducted me to my post with instructions to remain there till morning. He said I would not be approached by any of our own men, and in the event of the enemy appearing, I was to fire and run, thus giving alarm to the inner picket. Just before leaving he presented his canteen and told me to take a good swig from it. I asked him what it was, and when he answered whiskey, I respectfully declined, saying: "I cannot have touched the stuff and won't begin now." He briefly told me I would be a dead man before morning if I did not, as the swamp was filled with malarial poison, and no one could stand a night there without something warm to ward it off. The thought of my bones bleaching in that God-forsaken spot overcame my scruples, and I took my first dose of whiskey and picket. I believe it was the longest night I ever experienced, and I had an excellent opportunity of musing on what would become of me should I be called upon to fire that shot as ordered. Fortunately I was not troubled with visitors, though I could plainly hear the rebel soldiers in their camp only a short distance away.

The next call for the regiment was on a reconnaissance through wet Florida to St. Augustine. I shall always look on that raid as my war picnic, for there was no fighting to do. Smouldering fires here and there showed that a picket had been on duty, but had thought it best not to claim our acquaintance. We had not the slightest skirmish to create an excitement. It was at a time when the figs, the grapes, the persimmons, and many other fruits were luscious and ripe. Our halts for rest were made in orange groves, where we could take our choice of bitter, sour or sweet, for all three kinds were growing there. Some of the boys playfully tossed the fruit here and there, and in a moment more the whole camp was engaged in a pitched battle with oranges. We sailed up some of the Florida creeks, which were far wider and deeper than many of our so-called Jersey rivers. Alligators in great numbers sported on the banks and seemed to pay no more attention to the balls from our rifles than if they had been so many peas.

And then we went on another raid which brought us back to the stern realities of war, for we lost two officers and forty-six men captured on the United States gunboat *Columbia*, after a sharp engagement on the St. Johns River. In June we joined Gen. Birney's expedition, attacking the enemy on St. Johns Island, where we lost ten men. We assisted in the capture of the enemy's works at Baldwin, where we destroyed ten miles of railroad and a

came to and in flow the way we may. For

I think that was the shortest month of my life, and it seemed harder to renew the good-byes than it did in the first days of the war when all was excitement. But Gen. Birney had another year's claim on me, and I returned to camp in time to congratulate the colonel of my regiment who had just been

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Paragraphs of Interest from all Over the World.

It is reported that Secretary Proctor will be appointed by the Governor of Vermont to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the resignation of Senator Edmunds, and that he will accept.

Mr. J. B. Moore, Third Assistant Secretary of State, has been appointed to fill the newly established chair of international law and diplomacy in Columbia College, New York, and has accepted.

The result of the recent election in Chicago is in doubt, and it will require the official count to settle it.

Gen. Rosecrans, who has been very ill in Washington for some time, was reported on the 11th inst. to be so much improved that he would soon be able to resume his official duties.

A plant for the manufacture of artificial granite is to be erected in South River, near New Brunswick. The new industry will give employment to several hundred hands.

Robert and William Clark of Newark have determined to embark in the thread manufacturing business themselves rather than be longer associated with Superintendent Wainwright of the Clark Thread Company, and have selected a site near Arlington upon which to erect a plant.

The World's Fair directors were re-elected in Chicago on the 9th inst. This means a continuance of work on the lines already laid out.

There are prospects of an enormous crop of peaches in Delaware this year.

The President on the 10th inst. appointed Lorenzo Croun of Missouri to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Gen. Bachelder, resigned.

Alphonse J. Stepham, who was found guilty a few days ago in New York of murder in the second degree, was on the 10th inst. sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for life.

James M. Lyddy, the New York lawyer, died unexpectedly at the Murray Hill Hotel, in that city, on the 10th inst., aged about thirty-six.

About fifty bricklayers have gone to work in Jersey City in the place of the strikers, and the contractors say they will have no difficulty in replacing the 300 who are on strike.

Henry Parquist, a guest at the St. Cloud Hotel, Orange, dropped dead on the night of the 8th inst. from heart disease.

F. G. Maeder, the man who is known as "The Canuck," is a man who has passed through such trying scenes together can love: "We may as well say good-bye." I never saw him again; never knew whether he was killed outright, taken prisoner to starve in that sink of iniquity, Andersonville, or left to the fate which befell too many of our wounded men whom we were compelled to leave to the care of a merciless foe.

December 7 we again attacked the enemy at Devaraux's Neck, for the purpose of gaining possession of the C. & S. R. R., losing twenty-five men. In January, 1865, we joined the forces under Gen. Foster, and commenced the advance on Charleston. We had been knocking at the front door of this city for more than three years. We were now around at the back door, through which we quietly walked February 18. Gelson and his siege guns made sad havoc with this city. It is said that more than fourteen thousand shells had been thrown into it. That portion which had been in range of our heavy guns was completely riddled. It was surely a city of ruins. The shots had been fired at long range at a high elevation, plunging through the roofs and down from attic to basement, there exploding and wrecking everything in their path.

During April and May we performed garrison duty in the city with headquarters in the citidel, and I had the honor of being appointed Assistant Provost Marshal of the military district of Charleston. On the 23d of July I was granted leave of absence to visit my home for the first time since my enlistment, four years before. What pleasant recollections hover around that trip.

One would have thought that I was the only soldier who had left home, and that I had brought the first and latest news from the seat of war. It is a hard matter to crowd all the recollections of years of campaign life into a few short days, yet that was what I was called upon to do. The younger members of the family could not quite understand why I was not riddled with bullets, and were surprised to see that I had a full complement of arms and legs. They asked me if I had ever been in battle, and why I had not been shot, and how it felt to be killed, and many other childish questions. I fear I failed to convince them that for every bullet which did its work many thousand went wide of its mark.

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wide piazzas encircling the house and connected by outside stairs, which answer for fire-escapes. The interior of the building is finished in oiled wood and adorned with plaster, while the outer walls are made in the old English style, with stuccoed panels between exposed timbers.

In the grounds the usual picnic features will be provided. A music stand and dancing pavilion is going up, and the new wharf is to be roofed over and provided with seats. A covered bridge leads from the hillside across the railroad track to the new railroad station, and from there to the wharf is a gently sloping walk. A foot bridge will be built across the cove to Cooper station from the new station at Greenwood Lake Glens, which is the name chosen by Mr. Hewitt for the picnic park.

Anchored in the cove are scores of rowboats, three or four steam launches, and a sailboat or two, while the steamboat *Montclair* will make hourly trips around the lake on excursion days. The excursion trains will run on four or five days of each week during the Summer, besides special excursions which may be got up by churches and societies, of which more than a dozen are now booked.

Without Mr. DeGraw, who has kept the Lakeside Hotel for a dozen years, has leased the grounds from Mr. Hewitt and has also taken the Fuller House.

A Case of Conscience.

Thirteen years ago a young woman lost, in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, a pocketbook containing \$10 and a bill for flour, which she was on her way to pay. The pocketbook was found by a man, who kept the money and appropriated it to his own use. The next Sunday the loss of the wallet was mentioned from the altar, and the finder was requested to return it to Monsignor Doane. The finder was in church and heard the request, but did not make restitution. Some years later he went to a mission in the Cathedral, and during the mission went to confession and there told the story of the pocketbook. He was told he must restore the \$10 before receiving absolution. He promised to do it, but did not, and it was not until his conscience was aroused a few days ago by the sudden death of a friend, which reminded him very forcibly of the uncertainty of life, that he went to Mr. Doane and restored the money. The priest was able to find the owner and restored it to her.

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